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## GRAPHIC PEN PICTURES OF EARLY TIMES.

### REMINISCENCES OF THE SIXTIES.

BY R. M. WRIGHT.  
(Continued.)

I want to tell something of the buffalo and its habits. The "buffalo-wallow" is caused by the buffalo pawing and licking the salty, alkali earth, and when the soil is once broken, the dirt is wafted away by the action of the wind. Then year after year, by more pawing and licking, and rolling or wallowing by the animals, more wind wafts the loose dirt away and soon there is a large hole in the prairie. Now there is a much more curious spectacle to be seen every spring when the grass starts up; it is even plain to be seen yet when springtime arrives. These are rings on the prairie, and there are thousands of them; yes, millions. From the first of April until the middle of May was our wet season on the plains; this was always the case, you could depend upon it with almost the certainty of the sun and moon's rising at the proper time. This was the calving season of the buffalo; the buffalo, not like our domestic cattle, only rutted one month; neither more nor less, then it was all over. I want to interpolate a statement here, that no man living I ever heard of or saw, ever witnessed the act of copulation by the buffalo. It was all done after night, in a proper manner, as is usual in every well regulated family. Then was the only time that the buffalo made any noise or fuss; but at this season they would keep up a low roaring sound all night, and as a consequence the cows all calved in a month. This was the "wet-month"; at that time there was a great many gray wolves in the country as well as the little coyote. While the cows were in labor, the bulls kept guard to drive off the wolves, and in their beats made the rings referred to. I have had people argue with me that they were caused by lightning striking the earth; but it is certainly strange that lightning should only strike at these breeding places, and no where else. Others would argue that Indians held their war dances there which is just as absurd a statement as the other. Others even say that two bulls get their heads together in battle and push each other around and around in a ring until the circle is formed. Buffaloes live to a great age. I have heard it from the best of authority, that some of them live to be 75 or 80 years old, and it is quite common for them to live thirty or forty years, in fact I think I have seen many a bull's head that I thought to be over thirty years old. After a storm when we would go in search of our lost cattle, we could tell the buffalo tracks from our cattle tracks, because the buffalo tracks would be going against the storm every time, while our domestic cattle would invariably go with it. You see the buffalo is much more than a mere beast; he is on his head, shoulders and hump, and while our cattle would turn tail, the buffalo would naturally face the storm.

I think it was in 1867, our government got on a very liberal streak, and sent the Indians thousands of sacks of flour; pantaloons in abundance, and a big lot of stiff-rimmed hats bound around the edge with tin or German silver to hold the rim in shape. They also sent them a few light-running ambulances. The savages to show their appreciation of these magnificent gifts from the "Great Father," threw the flour on the prairie in order to get the sacks for breech-clouts. They cut out the seat of the pantaloons, as they said an Indians posterior was too warm anyhow, and they cut the crowns off the hats and used them as playthings, shying them in the air, like a white boy does a flat stone, to see them sail away. The ambulances they were very proud of. The government neglected to send any harness with them, so the Indians manufactured their own. They did not understand anything about lines, and, instead, they drove with a quirt, or short whip; when the near horse would go too much "gee," they whipped up the off horse, and when he would go too much "haw," they pounded away at the near horse again, and so vice versa all the time. This unique manner of driving kept the poor animals in a dead run most of the time. I remember of taking a ride with Little Raven, chief of the Arapahoes. At first we started off gently, but his ponies did not go straight, so he kept tapping them, now the off horse then the near, until finally he got them on a rapid gallop, and I thought at one time my head would surely pop up through the roof of the ambulance. The country was very level, fortunately, or I don't know what would have been the outcome.

Satank was chief of the Kiowas, when I first knew him, but was deposed because he ran away from camp and left his women and children, instead of remaining with them and getting killed.

Satank took his place. The Indians were camped in a large bottom, called Cheyenne Bottom, about eight miles north of old Fort Zarah, and the same distance from where the town of Great Bend now is. All of the bucks were out on a hunt or on the war path, excepting Satank. The soldiers from Fort Larned suddenly surprised them in their camp, when Satank and the other bucks jumped on their ponies and escaped. They would certainly have been killed or captured had they remained, so Satank deeming discretion the better part of valor, lit out. His tribe, however, claimed that it was his duty to have died at his post in defence of the women and children, as they had left him back for that purpose.

Before Satank lost his power, he committed a bloody deed under the following circumstances: There was a man named Peacock who kept a whisky ranch on Cow Creek, quite a large one; he traded with the Indians, and, of course, supplied them with liquor, in consequence of which, the soldiers were ever after him. He had to cache his whisky, and hide it in every conceivable manner, so that the troops would not find it; in fact he dreaded the incursions of the soldiers much more than he did the Indians. Satank and he were great chums, one day Satank said to him, "Peacock, write me a nice letter that I can show to the wagon bosses, and get all the 'chuck' I want. Tell them that I am the big war chief of the Kiowas, and for them to give me the very best in the shop." Peacock said "all right, Satank," and he sat down and penned the following epistle: "This is Satank, the biggest liar, beggar, and thief on the plains. What he can't beg of you he will steal. Kick him out of camp, as he is a lazy, lousy, good-for-nothing Indian."

Satank presented his letter several times to passing caravans, and, of course, got a very cool reception, or at least a warm one. One wagon boss black-snaked him, after which indignity, he sought a friend, and said to him: "Look here; Peacock promised to write me a good letter, but I don't understand it; every time I present it, the wagon boss gives me the devil, read it and tell just what it says." His friend did so, interpreting it literally. "All right," said Satank, and the next morning at daylight, he took some of his braves and rode to Peacock's ranch. He called for Peacock to get up; "the soldiers are coming," a summons quickly obeyed, and seizing his field glass ran up to the top of his lookout, when at the instant Satank shot him full of holes, exclaiming as he did so, "I guess you won't write any more letters." Then they went inside of the building and killed every man present excepting one, a sick individual who was lying in one of the rooms, gored through the leg by a buffalo. All that saved him was that the Indians are very superstitious about entering apartments where sick men lie, for fear they may have the small-pox.

Major Kidd, or Major Yard, I do not remember which just now, was in command of Fort Larned, and had received orders from Department Headquarters not to permit less than a hundred wagons pass the post at one time, on account of the danger from the Indians, all of whom were out on the war path. One day four or five ambulances from the Missouri river, arrived at the Post filled with new Mexican merchants and traders on their way home to their several stations. In obedience to his orders, the commanding officer was obliged to stop them. After remaining at Larned a few days, the delay became very wearisome; they were anxious to get back to their business which was suffering on account of their prolonged absence. They went to the commanding officer several times, begged and pleaded with him to allow them to proceed. Finally, he said: "Well, old French Dave, the guide and interpreter of the Post is camped down on the creek; go and consult him. I will abide by what he says." So armed with some fine old whisky and the best brand of cigars which they had brought from St. Louis, they went in a body down to French Dave's camp, and after filling him with his elegant liquor, and handing him some of their cigars, they said: "Now Dave, there are twenty of us here, all bright young men, who are use to the frontier; we have plenty of arms and ammunition, and know how to use it. Don't you think it safe for us to go through?" Dave was silent; they asked the question again, but he slowly puffed away at his fine cigar and said nothing. When they put the question to him for the third time, Dave deliberately and without looking up said: "One man go two twenty time; Indian no see you. Twenty men go two one time and Indian kill every son-of-a-bitch of you."

Satank was considered the worst Indian on the plains, and for a long time, the most dreaded. He was war chief of the Kiowas. There are many stories about his doings at Fort Dodge, some of which are true, others not. Once there was a committee sent from Wash-

ington to inquire into the causes of the continual warfare on the "Border," and what the grievances of the Indians were. Of course, Satank was sent for, and asked to talk his mind freely. He was very pathetic; and he had no desire to kill the white people, but they ruthlessly killed off the buffalo, and let their carcasses rot on the prairie, while the Indians only killed from necessity. The whites put out fires on the prairies and destroyed the grass, which caused their ponies to die of starvation, as well as the buffalo; they cut down and destroyed the timber, made large fires of it, while the Indian was satisfied to cook his "chuck" with a few dry limbs. Only the other day, continued he, "I picked up a little switch in the road, and it made my heart bleed to think that that small limb so ruthlessly torn up, and thoughtlessly destroyed by the white man, would have, in the course of time, become a grand tree for the use and benefit of my children and grandchildren." But after the pow-wow, and he had had a few drinks of red liquor in him, he showed his real nature, and said to the interpreter: "Now didn't I give it to those white men in good style? The switch I saw in the road made my heart glad instead of sad; for I knew there was a 'tender-foot' ahead because an old plainsman never would have anything else but a quirt or a good pair of spurs." I said: "Come on boys, we have got him, and we came in eight of him, pressing him closely on the dead run, he threw his gun away, and held tight onto his hat for fear he might lose it."

Another time when Satank had remained at the Fort for a long while, and had worn out his welcome, so that no one would give him anything to drink, he went up to the quarters of his friend Bill Bennett, the stage agent, and begged him for liquor. Bill was mixing a bottle of medicine to drench a sick mule, and the moment he set the bottle down to do something else, Satank picked it up and drank most of its contents before stopping. Of course, it made the savage dreadfully sick as well as angry. He then went up to a certain officer's quarters and again begged for liquor, to cure him of the effects of the previous dose, but the officer refused. Still Satank persisted, he would not leave, and after a while the officer went to his closet, and took a swallow of balsam of capiba, placing the bottle back. Satank watched his opportunity, and as soon as the officer left the room, seized the bottle and drank its contents. That, of course, was a worse dose than the horse medicine, and the next day the wily Satank called his people together, crossed the Arkansas and went south. Before leaving, however, he burnt up all Mr. Coryell's hay, which was stacked opposite the Fort. He then continued on to Crooked Creek, where he killed three woodchoppers, all for which he said he did in revenge for trying to poison him twice at Fort Dodge.

(To be Continued.)

### Not Tearing Up the Track.

Some weeks ago the federal court made an order authorizing the receiver of the Wichita & Western railroad to tear up the track between Pratt and Mullinville. However, the circumstances of the case were such that the receiver appointed by Judge Foster did not begin work at once. On December 30th, B. D. Crawford, county attorney of Pratt county, William Barrett and J. C. Ellis of Pratt, came to Topeka, and appeared in the federal court and filed an appeal bond for \$3,500.

### To Every Citizen.

Those who attend the High School play at Kelly's Opera House tomorrow night expecting to see a second class play will be disappointed. It is of first class kind, and will be rendered to the satisfaction and pleasure of every one present. Those failing to attend will miss a treat not often offered to them. The object of the play is a meritorious one—to make the last payment on the High School piano, which for two years has been a source of pleasure to those who attend the meetings of the Owl Literary Society. The High School has begun a great work which they expect to end by means of this play. Every citizen should copy after the "widow" and drop in his "mite" and thus help in a good cause.

### Honey a Cure for Smallpox.

The dread of smallpox has been removed in Mexico, where the disease is like an indigenous plant. A dispatch from Mexico City, states that experiments made with smallpox patients in Oaxaca show that by administering honey diluted in water to smallpox patients the pustules of the worst variety disappear and the fever is immediately diminished. The matter attracts much attention. The remedy was accidentally discovered by a young girl who was down with the disease, who secretly refreshed herself with honey and water, with astonishing curative results, and it was then tried on soldiers sick with the disease.

## COLLOQUIAL.

### Interviews on Different Subjects.

G. M. HOOVER: The human stomach is a sort of laboratory, and like the worm in the "moonshiner's still," where alcohol is produced from the fermentation constantly going on in the vitals. This is a physiological fact that is sustained by every process of nature. Life and sustenance is given to plants through oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen in the atmosphere. These in turn in decadence return the gift from whence it came, and thus life is constant in given and taken of all constituent elements. A stomach may become weak from the product of an abundance of the life sustaining principle—too much fermentation and too much acidity works as injury and the product is not consumed in proper proportion; but the individual who imagines he is a teetotaler is mistaken. Man in health needs no other alcoholic stimulant than that produced in the fermentation going on in his body. Sometimes fermented liquors in small quantities are necessary to preserve life where animal fermentation is lacking, and to prevent diminution some form of artificial fermentation is required. If the stomach is not "working right" the fermenting process is in conflict with a weak part that cannot keep time; and disarrangement follows. The consumptive uses whisky not in disregard of healthful laws, because a waste is going on which must be checked. I would not say that a man is in an unhealthy condition who "always has his stomach with him," but he is not necessarily unhealthy because he provides more fermentation than his body consumes. He might regulate the feeding process, and produce only the requisite quantities of ferment to supply nerve force and life. Of course the exhilaration is wanting in the fermentation going on in the body, at least some people imagine it is lacking; but this is not so. Alcohol produced from artificial chemical process is of greater density than that manufactured in the human stomach, and is of "higher proof," hence it makes up a good sized drunk on short notice—the elimination not being so rapid as the stomach product.

I. F. DAWSON: If theosophy is true, and reincarnation is a real principle, is it not probable that sometimes the reincarnated has the soul of some other animal. We know that the species only reproduce its kind. But it is said that the cow, the dog, and all animal life have souls, and go hence when all depart. If this is true is it not probable that the races get mixed, (contrary to material laws,) in the spiritual sense, and in the distribution of the reincarnated spirits some dog may be given the succeeding soul bearer? I may have been a Polish prince, a Russian czar or a policeman in a former life, and my friend over there may have like descended, but you know his real character, and don't you suppose he got mixed in the transit? And in the hurried manner in which the reincarnator disposed of his business he chuckled in a bull pup decedent, brass collar and bark? Of course theosophy is not my forte, but my conclusions are correct from the premises.

WILEY ANDERSON: Every living thing has its microbe or parasite to sustain its life and give it force. Late experiments in butter making show that the microbes produce the best butter. The new "culture" is no longer a theory, but is practiced in the east, where microbe manufactured butter is regarded the superior. The means of obtaining the bacillus is not commonly known, but it must be from a sort of fermentation or of that process which cheese undergoes when it has attained an ancient smell and an ability to walk. I have found many people who relish cheese much better when it is in a microbe state than when it has freshness. A single grain of microbe butter contains about 2,000,000 of microbes. How much must there be in a pound of cheese? The biggest fools I know of are the doctors. They do not know any more about certain things in medical science than we do; and yet they have their uses in cases of sickness, in relieving the imagination of the patient and allowing nature to take her course. They are always experimenting, and put ten cases under their care, and nine of them will likely get well, the tenth man being the subject of a diagnosis. They talk to you about diseased germs—about bacteria, infection, contagion, etc., but any old grandmother's tea, foot bath, kind nursing, and quiet, will bring the patient to health again—and also leave the microbes to continue their work of rejuvenating the body, like the earth worm through the soil, and with the same beneficial results. There is no use in getting a saluting spell over the alleged preponderance of microbes in your body—because you are made up of germs—and these are kept healthy by activity and use.

JOHN KILGENT: The locomotive en-

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## Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

gine reminds me of a human being. In many of its principles. It "blows," "snorts," and "puffs," and after a hard service acts like a weary man in "panting for breath." I have been so long connected with No. 314, that I am associated with her in sympathy, and when she is tired she reminds me of a fatigued horse. The inventor of this great machine had some conception of the human form in its bodily functions. All artificial plans or devices are on the principles of natural law. Now take this engine, the feed box is of larger capacity than the esophagus of the human ostrich, and it takes some carbon to make up steam to put the old snort in motion. When I pull the throttle, she goes forward or backward like a full-grown populist at the pie counter. She blows her whistle, and in this respect has no advantage over the Republican politician. She is eccentric, too, and many times reverses herself like a supreme court. I speak of her in the feminine gender because in common law a he is a she; but this she can't be a he. She sometimes gets tired, and needs a rest—a little bit sulky, perhaps. An engine gets worn out, and is sent to the "bone yard." She is many times "dead," but, like the Democratic party, can be resuscitated—with a little steam, of course. You have heard that "old saw," "Why is an engine like a boy who has been spanked?" "Well, good day."

E. V. LANTS: Surgery has attained a marvelous success. I read that a young man in a San Francisco hospital, who was suffering with diabetes, had a remarkable surgical operation successfully performed. The pancreas of a puppy was transplanted to the patient's peritoneal cavity. If you will look up your work on physiology you will find the uses of the pancreas. The idea of transplanting the pancreas to the man was that the peritoneum would adhere to and form about the new pancreas, encouraging it to perform the functions of that organ, that was dormant in the suffering patient, thus causing a cure. We shall attain such success in surgery that in time you can go to your butcher in the morning for a fresh liver or pancreas, and the doctor can put a new organ in you "while you wait." I suppose a hog's liver, or a calf's liver, will answer the purpose just the same as a puppy's, but a dog's liver or pancreas would better suit the human form. They are nearer in assimilation. With the latter you would not have to change your food, but with a cow's pancreas, in course of time, you might acquire a fondness for fodder or grass.

Of course, medical science has not all the credit in patching up the physical wreck. The cork leg, the glass eye, the false teeth, the wig, the plated crown, each has its special champion in manufacture; and as I see the dignified human form ambling along, I shall wonder how much he is a product of the specialist, the doctor, the carpenter, or the butcher—and yet he is "fearfully and wonderfully made."

There is one thing, however, the doctor's knife will not succeed in transplanting the brain of an animal to the human cranium, though if the change could be made, there would probably be desirable results.

J. W. COURTNEY: I have been noticing for some time that the prairie dogs have been doing some extra work about their holes; and they always pile up the earth high, before heavy rains or heavy snows—just the same in summer as in winter. The late rains and snows were probably anticipated by the prairie dogs, as they had been working incessantly and previously to the storms.

I noticed J. R. Burton's particular allusion to the inhabitants of the prairie dog villages, and as one of the strange things of habitation in Western Kansas. Mr. Burton would have us believe that there are other things that dwell in one abode, besides the owl, the rattlesnake and the prairie dog. I have often watched the owl standing as a sentinel at the orifice of the prairie dog's home, viewing danger, and keeping guard over the cowardly rattle who hibernates in winter. That is a strange affinity—the owl, the prairie dog and the rattlesnake—about as common a one as Mr. Burton suggests in the hibernation of the Silver Republican, the Populist and the Democrat.

J. F. GOUDY: The snow will be a valuable fertilizer to the wheat. The ground was in excellent condition before

the snow, with the abundant rain—previously. A good crop of wheat this year will fill the vacant spots caused by hard times and the short crops. All things come to those who wait. But it requires a vast amount of patience to wait, and the suspense is sometimes critical.

Hicks said a regular storm period would be central on the 1st, and storms of rain and snow and falling barometer would be advancing from westerly regions by the 1st and 2d. The moderate temperature prevailing at that time would change to intense cold behind the rains and blizzards snow, covering the country with a progressive boreal wave from about 3d to 5th. From 5th to 8th, a reaction from high barometer and cold. After this date it would grow warmer and storms of more or less energy will advance in eastern directions across the country. January will furnish much rain and snow. The last of the month brings gales, blizzards and cold waves.

The marriage of Clay Barton, sheriff of Gray county, to Miss Mollie Land, county superintendent, is an example for the emulation of the youth who is discouraged in his matrimonial aspirations, and considers the first repulse a bar to future hope. Clay is not a young man with the down turning a dark color on his upper lip, but he has seen enough of the world to know that it requires persistent attention and assiduous work to accomplish anything in life. It was practice and association, constantly going and coming, polite and courteous at all times, that had much to do in uniting the band that is cemented until Gabriel toots his horn. Not since the "county seat fight" has anything happened in Gray county that has so much disturbed the serenity and calm composure of the people as the marriage of the jolly sheriff to the sedate Land. But it is one of those things in which everybody participates and which everybody naturally rejoices over, and hope they will do well.

Snow Flake Cream will cure your chapped hands, and keep the skin soft and white. Try a bottle—25 cents. Prepared and sold only at, W. F. FINE'S (City Drug Store.)

Mothers whose children are troubled with bad colds, croup or whooping-cough will do well to read what Dr. R. Robey, of Olney, Mo., says on this subject. He writes: "For years we have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and always keep it in the house. It is repaid in our family as a specific for all kinds of colds and coughs. The 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by City Drug Store."

Persons who are troubled with indigestion will be interested in the experience of Wm. H. Penn, chief clerk in the railway mail service at Des Moines, Iowa, who writes: "It gives me pleasure to testify to the merit of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For two years I have suffered from indigestion, and am subject to frequent severe attacks of pain in the stomach and bowels. One or two doses of this remedy never fails to give perfect relief." Price 25 and 50 cents; sold by City Drug Store.

### A Good Book Free.

"Table and Kitchen" is the title of a new cook book published by the Price Baking Powder Company, Chicago. Just at this time it will be sent free if you write a postal mentioning the GLOBE-REPUBLICAN. This book has been tried by ourselves and is one of the very best of its kind. Besides containing over 400 receipts for all kinds of pastry and home cookery, there are many hints for the table and kitchen, showing how to set a table, how to enter the dining room, etc.; a hundred and one hints in every branch of the culinary art. Cookery of the very finest and richest as well as of the most economical and home like, is provided for. Remember "Table and Kitchen" will be sent, postage prepaid, to any lady sending her address (name, town and State) plainly given. A copy in German or Scandinavian will be sent if desired. Postal card is as good as letter. Address Price Baking Powder Co., Chicago, Ill.

Forty-three converts were made at a recent revival meeting in Lyons, and Bill Morgan, contemplating the returns, sadly remarks: "If this had occurred six weeks earlier the Republicans would not have lost the commission."